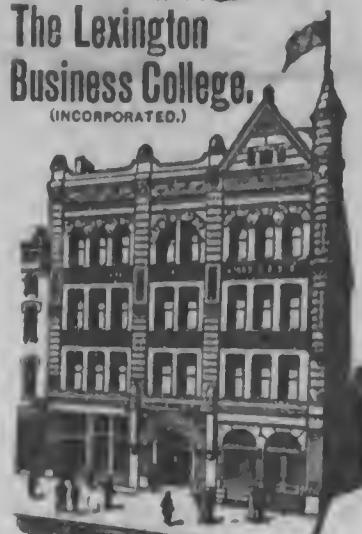




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SANTA CLAUS



HAS SET UP HEADQUARTER With Us.

Not only in the distribution of CHRISTMAS trix for the children such as Toys, Wagons, Drums, Guns, Chairs, Dishes, Dolls, Oranges, Candies, Nuts, &c., &c., and ever so many funny things never seen before. But in nice goods such as are suitable for young Gentlemen and Ladies. We have a fine and varied assortment, too numerous to mention. Also for Families and Housekeepers we have a heavy stock of fine and fashionable Furniture, LAMPS, DINNER SETS, CHAMB RSETS, &c., &c., such as are absolutely necessary and such as cannot be had outside of the City trade.

FINALLY, we have the biggest line of STAPLES, such as 500 families need, and these were bought at BANKRUPT sales and are now on the market at absolutely lower prices than they can be bought in the WHO E-SALE Trade. Give us a call at once.

Resp'y,

HOCKER & CO.

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1895.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

J. A. ANDERSON Proprietor

J. B. ROGERS Editor

Subscription, \$1.25 per year.

The Legislature will convene on the first Tuesday in January.

The date for holding the next G. A. R. Encampment will be September 1 to 4, 1896, at St. Paul, Minn.

We wish to remind our subscribers who are in the arrears that all men who conduct their business on principles settle their accounts once every year and that it is impossible for us to run the business of this REPUBLICAN upon business methods unless our subscribers pay up.

The last Republic's Administration paid off \$259,071,960 of the public debt, reducing it from \$884,106,220 to \$585,034,260. Under the present administration it has increased by \$162,227,800, the total now standing at \$747,361,960. There is argument enough in these few figures to settle the Presidential contest of 1896.

A crying need for Hartford is a board of trade. Board of trade in deed as well as in name, is what is desired. The merchants should get together on a broad and liberal basis of bringing trade to Hartford, having faith in the fact that if trade comes to Hartford each one will get a share of it and all will be benefited. What twenty men cannot do acting independently of each other can be easily accomplished by the same twenty acting in unity. There are numerous things that can be done and ought to be done, which any merchant will enumerate, but one man can not do them alone.

THE Louisville Times, a strong supporter of the Democratic cause, and a strong Hardin shot, attributes the defeat of the Democratic ticket to Jo Blackburn, and says:

"Joseph C. S. Blackburn, more than any other individual, is responsible for the present Republican administration in Kentucky. But for him Wat Hardin would have been elected Governor. Democrats everywhere know this, and the Democrats in the Kentucky Legislature are not going to make Blackburn the caucus nominee for United Senator. He is not entitled to that honor, empty though it be."

FIFO CURE FOR
ALL THE FALTS
Best Cough Syrup, Tonic, Blood, Gas
in Stock. Made by
JOHN MURKIN, AGT.

CONGRESSMAN Lewis, of the 4th Congressional District, has been appointed on the Judiciary Committee.

The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Minister to England, has been making some anti-American speeches to please his English friends and there are some patriotic Americans who don't like it. He discredits his own country among foreigners and when he is criticised for his unpatriotic conduct some Anglo-maniacs who unfortunately are editors of Democratic papers are raising all manner of atmospheric disturbance. Mr. Bayard needs taking down a button hole or two. It will do him good.

FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS. We do not believe that our subscribers really think that we are in duty bound to furnish them with the paper for life free of charge, and yet, through carelessness, perhaps, some of them act as if they did. We are quite willing to do the work of making known the matchless resources of our county; of keeping the thermometer above the freezing point asserting and proving that we have the best heat and the best county in the State; saying the best things we can about all the brides and grooms, eaving out all reference to the previous bad character of the dead; giving the best possible report of all the local entertainments; saying of every new baby that it is the finest and prettiest every born; giving all of the local news of interest and much of the general news of the world without charge or compensation, but we must insist that our subscribers pay us at least a portion of the cost of blank paper. People have evidently come to the conclusion that they are doing the local paper a favor by taking it from the postoffice, but the law says by doing so they make themselves responsible for the subscription price thereof.

Now the object of this notice, is to say that after January the first, we must stop sending it to all who show no disposition to pay for it. Many are so badly in arrears that we could hardly expect them to pay all up once, but if there is any who will not pay anything at all, to them we cannot longer afford to send it. We mean by this notice, that we must have something from every subscriber who is behind or the paper will be discontinued. If you can't pay all pay a little, and thus show your disinterest to do the right.

If you expect the paper after January first, call and see how you stand or remit amount due at once. The date opposite your name on the margin of the paper will show to what time your subscription is paid.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

If Cuban Revolutionists ever gain victories, and they do, the Spanish continue to have the world remain ignorant of it and to leave the impression that the Spanish are always gainers.

THE Madisonville Hustler is making war on the cigarettes, and has been sending circulars to the Representatives-elect urging that body to pass a law making it a heavy penalty to sell them. The Hustler last week had the following to say editorially:

"The cigarette is bound to go. It is doomed. It must be banished from the States. The best we can do is to demand that the sale of these mind-destroying death-dealing things shall be prohibited. The press is taking up the fight and demands that the next legislature shall pass stringent laws in regard to the importation, manufacture and sale of the deadly things. Every member of the Legislature of both houses is being asked to pledge himself to vote for such a measure and in nearly every instance they are promising to vote for the 1-5. Let the law be strong and stringent one and then after it is passed let the people see that its provisions are enforced."

THE REPUBLICAN for 1896 will be even better than it has heretofore. New features will be added. When the Legislature convenes we will have a special correspondent on the grounds to give us all the news of that body. Our large subscription list has increased during the last year, notwithstanding it has been a very hard one. We will endeavor this year to give the court directory in full and all the workings around the Court House and all the local news as well as all that is going on over the country. We have received a large advertising patronage the past year and with increased facilities we hope to receive much better in 1896. Our Job Department has turned out the very best work that could be had anywhere. Our prices are lowest and our work is first-class. Altogether we enter upon the New Year with flattering prospects for a successful year's work.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hood's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

There is no more fitting design for the Christmas time than the star—"The Guiding Star of the East"—with its outreaching rays, which The Companion has adopted for its Christmas cover. The contents of this Holiday Number are a treasure-house of the best and brightest history, history, anecdote, humor etc. Fifty-two Companions cost only \$1.75.

Blood and nerve are closely related. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will not be nervous.

Washington Eldson Post, No. 215, Department of Kentucky located at Hartford, Ky., meets first Saturday in each month at 3 o'clock with the following named officers: P. C.; John Phipps, S. V. C.; Wesley Foreman, S. V. C.; James Berry, Agt. Crit Parks Q. M.; Jo Parks, S. R. G.; Mark Berry, Chaplin, Thomas Rucker, O. S.; Tom Nall, O. G.; Amos Williams, S. M.; Curg Burks, Q. M.; Wesley Barrett.

Hood's Calendar for 1896 is out and it is greatly admired. Many pronounce "the handsomest yet." It consists of the head of a beautiful young woman in an oval panel with a stylized gold frame. The background and pad are printed in harmonious brown tints. The remarkable growth of the editions of Hood's Calendar from one million copies a few years ago to over thirteen millions for 1896 is only paralleled by the wonderful advance in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is now the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Eugene Field's Open Hand. It was a common happening in the "News" office, while Mr. Field still did his work there, for some ragged, unwashed, woe-begone creature, too much abashed to take the elevator, to come toiling up the stairs and down the long passage into one of the editorial rooms, where he would blurt out fearfully, sometimes half-deafly, but always as if confident in the power of the name he spoke: "I'm Eugene Field here?" Sometimes an overzealous office-boy would try to drive one of these poor lollows away, and woe to that boy if Field found it out.

"I knew 'Gene Field in Denver," or "I worked with Field on the 'Kansas City Times,'"—these were sufficient passwords, and never failed to call forth the cheery voice from Field's room: "That's all right, show him in here; he's a friend of mine." And then, after the grip of the hand and some talk over former experiences—which Field may or may not have remembered, but always pretended to—the cheery voice from Field's room: "That's all right, show him in here; he's a friend of mine."

There is early in the story a duel under extraordinary circumstances, between St. Ives and a fellow-prisoner; after various episodes a dangerous plan of escape is decided upon, and the daring St. Ives finally becomes a free man. The perils that he undergoes while in hiding about Edinburgh, his adventures on the Great North Road with strangers and robbers, has finally escaped across the border into England, his subsequent return to Edinburgh, and many other incidents of this splendidly conceived story are told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master.

On account of meeting of Southern Educational Association at Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 30, 1895, to January 2, 1896, will sell tickets at \$17.45 for the round trip. On December 28 and 29 and limited till January 10, 1896 to return. Containious passage each way. H. MURKIN, Agt.

We will send you THE REPUBLICAN and Chicago Inter Ocean, weekly, both papers for one year for \$1.40. This is for new subscribers and old ones who pay up and in advance one year.

HARDINSBURG.

Robin Hood Writes an Interesting Letter:

HARDINSBURG, Dec. 26, '95.

A free-for-all Christmas tree was put up at the City Hall last Tuesday night. It was loaded with gifts and a large crowd was there to see them distributed. The sentimental men and ladies were largely interested in the affair, consequently the young men abroad have lighter purses as well as lighter hearts, and lighter heads, too, as far as that is concerned.

Society is on the "qui vive" this week owing to the return of several college girls and sporty gentlemen. Several society gatherings will be announced, and altogether there will be more life exhibited by this old town than has been for many a day. The small boy is largely in evidence and is arrayed in all his glory. With fire crackers, roman candles, tin horns and what not, he does his part towards making life a burden.

Rev. Eldred Pace will begin a series of meetings at this place, next Sunday night which he proposes to continue for two weeks. The services will be held at the M. E. Church South, of which he is pastor, the ostensible object of the meeting is the saving of sinners. There is a splendid field for such work at this place.

We understand that Mr. R. N. Miller, County attorney this county, and also Mr. V. B. Burton also of this county, will be candidates for delegates from this Congressional District to the National Convention at St. Louis. These gentlemen are stalwart Republicans and one of them will be one of the delegates from the district.

Among those who have returned to their homes at this place to spend the holidays are Misses Mary Bowmer, of Ashland, Kate Esbridge, Louisville, Bessie Beard, Annie De Jantet and Eva Heasley, of Potters College, Bowling Green, and Messrs Estel Sutton, Thomas Bowmer and Graham Epskridge, of Louisville, Mr. Victor Bowmer of Cloverport, and Mr. Marvin Beard, of Nashville University.

A glass eating bird named Jones was brought before Judge Ahl this week charged with wife beating. Mr. Jones is a colored gentleman who holds forth from time to time in the capacity of a variety showman and slight of hand performer. He became jealous of the sharper in his joys and sorrows and beat her as aforesaid. He is now in jail paying a fine of \$25.00.

There can be no doubt but that there are many Republicans, in the county, as well as elsewhere, who under-value services to their party because they believe its principals are the best for the country. Recent developments, however, declare the lamentable fact, that it is self-aggrandizement and more which persists many to be so zealous in their party's behalf. It does not argue well for the party that so many of our young men begin to scheme for "pie" before they are even twenty five years old. The fact that he is a young man, however, is not an "astounding crime." But when the fact is clearly shown and known, that the activity of some Republicans, springs from selfish motives, then their efforts in behalf of certain measures, particular men must be viewed with suspicion.

The welfare of the party being a matter of only secondary importance to them they do not merit the confidence of loyal and truest party men. ROBIN HOOD.

A Card of Thanks

The undersigned would hereby greatly acknowledge the many useful articles, sent to them at the parsonage as a Christmas donation. The custom of making Christmas offerings was originated by the wise men of the East, who presented unto the infant Savior gold, frankincense and myrrh. Those who give, in his name will be surely blessed, we believe instead of the foolish wasteful expenditures, practiced by many the poor should be remembered kindly.

J. S. CHANLER AND FAMILY.

Stevenson's Unpublished Novel, "St. Ives," the novel left substantially complete, and unpublished, by Robert Louis Stevenson at his death, is described as a pure romance of adventure. It is the story of a French prisoner captured in the Peninsular war, who is shut up in Edinburgh Castle; there he falls in love with a Scotch girl who, with her aunt, frequently visits the prisoners. There is early in the story a duel under extraordinary circumstances, between St. Ives and a fellow-prisoner; after various episodes a dangerous plan of escape is decided upon, and the daring St. Ives finally becomes a free man. The perils that he undergoes while in hiding about Edinburgh, his adventures on the Great North Road with strangers and robbers, has finally escaped across the border into England, his subsequent return to Edinburgh, and many other incidents of this splendidly conceived story are told in the spirited, vivacious and wonderful style of which Stevenson was a master.

"To begin with, she was as speckled as a turkey egg—was hunch-backed, had a wort on her nose, was cross-eyed in one eye and was pop-eyed in the other, and her dress, such as it was, seemed to have been blown on to her by a tornado. The pair was not, however, ugly, and to cap it all the preacher got bothered in the ceremony and so said it questionable whether they really were married at all. The presents were even a sadder sight than the bride.

"They enter upon life with the most flattering prospects of early starvation, both contracting parties being extremely lazy and far more given to attending to other people's business than their own."

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

Job Printers.

The business public are requested to call at the office of THE REPUBLICAN and see samples of its work in the jobprinting line. We are prepared to execute all orders for job work on short notice and at reasonable prices. Our material is new and of the latest designs, and our workmen the very best. Our work will be up to date in every particular. Your orders are solicited.

We will send you THE REPUBLICAN and Chicago Inter Ocean, weekly, both papers for one year for \$1.40. This is for new subscribers and old ones who pay up and in advance one year.

RANDOM NOTES.

Some young men about town have a few game chickens which they are anxious to pit against some outside fighters. Information can be had by calling on R. Collins.

Hartford College now contains some genuine love-sick lads and girls.

Mr. Steve May is having applications every day for seed of the tobacco he grew last summer. The leaves we reported to have been twenty-seven feet across.

An amusing thing is always happening around the Court House. Only a few days ago Clerk Hocker received a certificate from a well known gentleman in Ohio county, authorizing him to sue his wife to the best to marry his daughter. The certificate was addressed to the County Attorney. At the trial, the fellow's intentions were good, and he secured his license and went on his way rejoicing. The aforesaid gentleman does not read his county paper or he would have known who was County Clerk.

C. R. Martin says that the generosity of mankind in general is a general thing giving to unlimited expression which the general run of mankind as a general thing does not understand generally.

Olall the people who know precisely what a newspaper should be conducted by far the greater number will be found among those who never tried the business, farther than to subscribe, and only now and then, if ever, pay up. If some one whom the editor does not like gets married or dies or in some other way leaves himself liable to a little puff in the county paper, the critic forthwith turns green and proceeds to roast the newspaper as being only lying, unreliable institution, anyway. But if he should drop into the sanctum and bore the editor for an hour or so with his silly twaddle about his own good qualities or those of his children, or giving him the history of his dog, Trower, or tells him that he means to raise the biggest crop of tobacco in the county, next year and after all this the long suffering and forbearing editor strains his conscience by giving him a personal to the effect that Mr. So and So, a prosperous farmer of Tottle Town, made a pleasant call this week. He makes it a matter of course that the editor ought to have said that or more, but never says one syllable about paying his subscription.

He seems to forget that the paper lied when it said he was a prosperous farmer, for he knows that he has not made over \$1000 a year for a number of years. The editor ought to be quick about it, and Mr. Dodgett, who was suffering from neuralgia and disappointment that his wife would not fit to be seen.

"You certainly are not," said Mr. Dodgett, "but it is just as well, for we shall have no callers, and I'm really not fit to be seen."

"You certainly are not," said Mr. Dodgett, "but it is just as well, for we shall have no callers, and I'm really not fit to be seen."

"I'm not leaving him alone in the kitchen," said Mrs. Dodgett; "he is most likeable and amiable."

"Christmable, that remark," grunted her husband.

"Yes, I'm not leaving him alone in the kitchen," said Mrs. Dodgett; "he is most likeable and amiable."

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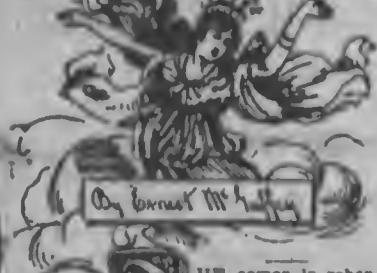
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Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.
The eternal years of God are hers.

THE NEW YEARS.



III comes in robes
of trailing cloud
And coronet of
stars.
From where time's
diluvia rises and ends,
Across the foamy bars,
Through skies of gray that stretch away,
Her wild hair flowing free,
She comes where her kingdom lies
By other land as rose.

By other land as rose.

And fades the old year's worn-out scythe
And the scythe of time is a scythe again,
And Janus' heralds strike
In her armor shins.

While round her train the frozen rain,
That some mañana the snow,
Has caught a million sun-glims bright
From out the sunrise glow.

And glows her face on she speeds
To find the rising sun
With light of hope and noble deeds
Of faith and duty done.

And in her eyes the swift surprise
Or all that round her walls,
Where mirrored shadows pass by,
Has opened wide the gates.

ONE THAT WAS BROKEN.

Story of a New Year's Resolution.

I had known Gregory in the states.

He was an A. No. 1 young fellow and we had worked side by side for three years at the same desk in a little wholesale house in Iowa. How Gregory ever happened to leave Caesars and find his way to Iowa is too long and too dull a story to tell, but he did find his way there, and soon after he arrived we became great chums.

He sang in the choir, made out the bills of the concern for which we worked, rode horseback, and had balls. Of the four occupations, the balls seemed to interest him most, and no wonder, for they were with him night and day.

He used to back up to me and say:

"Look at my neck, will you, old fellow, and see if that spot looks like a boil?"

Usually it did.

We all used to advise him what to do for them, and he did it. Our dear drawers were always full of his tonics and lotions and salves; and when any one pulled one of his special drawers open an odor like an apothecary shop escaped.

But all this has nothing to do with my story.

When Gregory was called back to Canada he made me promise to visit him at Sutton-West some time. He said it was the most beautiful spot in the world, and that it had a climate as much superior to ours here in Iowa as gold to lead.

So I went.

To get to Sutton you go through, Toronto and up a little branch railway, and from Sutton you drive several miles to Sutton-West along the shore of Lake Simcoe.

Gregory met me at the station and wrapped me well in robes. A servant drove. Gregory explained that he would have handled the ribbons himself had he been able, but owing to his carbuncle he was obliged to carry his arms in a sling. He was downright glad to see me, and asked questions all the way to Sutton-West, about the old friends in Iowa.

I enjoyed the first half of the ride, but the last half was decidedly cold. It seems that they had had a change of weather and were now having a genuine Canadian winter.

The place, which they called Old Sutherland, fronted on the lake, and was a rambling old building in the real English style.

There were 14 rooms and they kept 13 stoves in continual action. The room without a stove was an extra room in the attic and was used for a store room. Gregory said that all the men turned out in the full and hauled wood, and then when snow fell all began chopping and chopping until time to plant in the spring.

It kept Gregory busy feeding the stoves. He would fill up number one, and then fill number two, and so on, and by the time he had number 13 stoked he would be ready to load number one again, and sometimes he would not be able to get around in time and the fire in number one would be out before he had number 13 full of wood.

The front door was completely snowed up, buried behind a 10-foot drift, and Gregory told me it was a lucky thing, for if it had not been and anyone should have opened the front and rear doors at the same time the lake breeze would have blown the whole unlucky 13 stoves out of the house and clear down to Toronto. That lake breeze was what they called "breaching weather" up there. Down in Iowa we would have looked ourselves indoors and said: "What a fearful blizzard!"

And they used to say to us: "The girl

has got a cold, and it has taken

and will out for a little spin on the ice on days when I was wondering whether we had not better tie the house to the pine trees to keep it from blowing away.

But then she was unmounted to it. She had never been farther south than Toronto, and frequently spent her winters there on Lake Simcoe.

She was a beautiful girl, too. I saw that the first time I met her, and I saw more plainly every day.

By the time I had grown a little accustomed to the beautiful climate we were quite good friends, and as Gregory's carbuncle practically confined him to the smoking-room, the pleasure of escorting her on her numerous skating trips naturally fell to me. And I did not shirk my duty.

She was an only child, and her father was a clerk in one of the Toronto banks, the Commerces, and Maud was very de-

lighted with me and her father.

She comes where her kingdom lies

By other land as rose.

And fades the old year's worn-out scythe

And the scythe of time is a scythe again,

And Janus' heralds strike

In her armor shins.

While round her train the frozen rain,

That some mañana the snow,

Has caught a million sun-glims bright

From out the sunrise glow.

And glows her face on she speeds

To find the rising sun

With light of hope and noble deeds

Of faith and duty done.

And in her eyes the swift surprise

Or all that round her walls,

Where mirrored shadows pass by,

Has opened wide the gates.

ONE THAT WAS BROKEN.

Story of a New Year's Resolution.

I had known Gregory in the states.

He was an A. No. 1 young fellow and we had worked side by side for three years at the same desk in a little wholesale house in Iowa. How Gregory ever happened to leave Caesars and find his way to Iowa is too long and too dull a story to tell, but he did find his way there, and soon after he arrived we became great chums.

He sang in the choir, made out the bills of the concern for which we worked, rode horseback, and had balls. Of the four occupations, the balls seemed to interest him most, and no wonder, for they were with him night and day.

He used to back up to me and say:

"Look at my neck, will you, old fellow, and see if that spot looks like a boil?"

Usually it did.

We all used to advise him what to do for them, and he did it. Our dear drawers were always full of his tonics and lotions and salves; and when any one pulled one of his special drawers open an odor like an apothecary shop escaped.

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